

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year.

—37—

THE HERALD COMPANY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
 One month \$ 2.50
 Three months 7.50
 One year 25.00
 SUNDAY.
 One year \$2.00
 SEMI-WEEKLY.
 (In Advance.)
 One year \$1.50
 Six months75

Address all communications to The Herald Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Business Office Telephone, 327-2.
Manager's Office Telephone, 327-2.
Editorial Rooms Telephone, 327-2.

THE CUBAN MESSAGE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S special message to congress on the Cuban situation is notable in two respects: It shows how far apart the president and his party are, and it is an admission that he hopes to secure by pressure what congress would not grant, as it should, for the sake of national honor and the fulfillment of national pledges.

Simply stated, the issue is whether the best sugar interests, now allied with the sugar trust, can show more strength in legislation than the president and those members of congress who believe the Cubans are entitled to reciprocity with the United States.

It has been shown by quotations from Mr. Oxnard, the head of the beet sugar lobby, that the proposed concession to the Cubans cannot possibly affect beet sugar profits seriously. In the western states the beet interests could not be affected at all, because they are protected by exorbitant freight rates as well as by the tariff. It cannot be said, therefore, that reciprocity with Cuba is a menace to the beet interests.

On the other hand, the president and his friends believe that Cuba's prosperity and very life as a new republic depend upon liberal and immediate concessions. They show that the concessions we make will be followed by concessions from Cuba which will add greatly to our export trade, bind Cuba to us by the closest of commercial ties and start her on the road to real happiness and independence, fulfilling the pledges made by President McKinley and the American people.

To secure these pledges, Cuba consents to the Platt amendment of her national constitution, binding herself to submit her foreign relations to the approval of the United States and otherwise surrendering fundamental rights to American control. Cuba has done her part; it has remained for a Republican congress to ignore justice, refuse to act and call down upon itself the criticism of a chief executive of its own political faith.

Apparently the president has alienated his own party, but in fact he has made a shrewd political move. Whether the politicians like it or not, the people have not forgotten their sense of justice, their feeling that national honor is as sacred as individual honor, and as much to be regarded. Congress has a choice of two courses: one to ignore the message, discredit the president and please the beet sugar trust; the other horn of the dilemma involves a grant of reciprocity to the Cubans, the fulfillment of a duty to the new republic and the extension of American trade in American territory.

RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.

SOME FIFTY ODD YEARS ago a man became excited while talking to some friends and swung his arm. The movement knocked some rubber and sulphur upon a red-hot stove. Everybody who wore rubber overshoes last winter may thank fortune for the excitement of the gentleman who swung his arm fifty years ago. He created a vogue thereby, but he also discovered that rubber and sulphur mixed and heated make rubber insensible to heat and cold.

Of course, it was an accident, but Charles Goodyear had wit enough to appreciate its significance. Today his formula is still being used, the main difference being that the compound is no longer spilled on the surface of the stove. This fact and others just as interesting are related in a bulletin just issued from the census department on "Rubber Boots and Shoes." The first attempt to use rubber as footwear was made in the United States in 1821.

A shoe manufacturer of Roxbury, Mass., discovered that crude rubber, dissolved in spirits of turpentine and combined with a quantity of lamp-black, would produce a varnish which gave to leather or cloth a surface smooth, hard and impervious to water. The discovery seemed to be of some commercial value, so a company was formed for the manufacture of waterproof boots and shoes. An immense sum of money was invested in the undertaking, and for a time success was almost assured. Then it was discovered that in warm weather the rubber-covered leather became sticky, and in cold weather it became brittle and cracked. Within a very brief time the new industry collapsed.

A number of years elapsed before Charles Goodyear gave the country the benefit of his investigations. Since that time the manufacture of rubber boots and shoes has grown at a phenomenal rate of speed. At first the articles were beyond the reach of the poor, but improved appliances have been brought into service at frequent intervals and today the individual is poor indeed who cannot afford overshoes.

The census of 1900 shows that the aggregate value of the products of twenty-two rubber companies was \$41,063,819 for a single year. Nearly 50,000,000 pairs of rubber boots and shoes were made during 1900, of which three quarters of a million pairs were shipped to countries all over the world. Fig-

uring the length of the average boot and shoe at six inches, a moderate estimate, it will be seen that, placed end to end, they would make a line not much less than 3,500 miles long. That is a third of the way around the globe, with a considerable lap to spare. Placed two by two, they would stretch from New York to San Francisco and half way back again.

Comparisons might be multiplied, but these are enough to give an idea of the vastness of the industry. And it all happened, or at least it happened so promptly, because Charles Goodyear had the brains to take advantage of an accident.

THE MORTENSEN VERDICT.

A JURY OF HIS PEERS, selected after weeks of careful investigation, has said that Peter Mortensen is guilty of one of the most cruel and unnecessary murders in the annals of crime. A fearful responsibility was placed in the hands of the twelve who have decreed that a fellow man shall meet an ignominious death. Under the law and the evidence they could have done none other. No human eye saw James H. Hay's life taken, no witness has testified that he was present when the bleeding body was thrust into a shallow grave. But the tongue of circumstance has cried out loudly against Peter Mortensen. A chain of evidence, as strong as was ever forged in a case of like character, has enveloped him in its folds and dragged him toward the gallows. No opportunity to clear himself of the fearful accusation was denied to Mortensen.

Proof was piled upon proof to show that his hands were red with the blood of the innocent, but the law gave him every protection. His attorneys, Messrs. Stewart & Stewart, made a gallant fight for the life of their client. For this they are entitled to praise. They did their duty, albeit their case was hopeless from the start.

District Attorney Elchorn deserves the thanks of every law-abiding citizen. Mr. Elchorn is a sworn officer of the law. It meant nothing to him as an individual to drive Peter Mortensen to the gallows; it is more than probable that he never saw the man until after he was arrested for the murder of Hay. In looking so closely after and in guarding so jealously every point in favor of the prosecution, therefore, Mr. Elchorn was guided solely by his sense of duty. His reputation as a man of honor and integrity, as a fearless and determined prosecutor, has not suffered through his conduct of the case.

That Peter Mortensen is guilty, not one in a thousand who have read the evidence will dispute. For the sake of the father, whose gray head is bending toward the grave, and for the peace of mind of the convicted man's other relatives, it seems passing pitiful that the verdict should have been as it was. But up in the city cemetery is a mound over which the grass is growing this summer. Beneath it lies the body of a young man, suddenly cut down at a time when all the world for him was bright. A little wife and mother has been widowed, three babies have been orphaned.

The God who said: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," also said: "Who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The dead must be forgotten; society must be protected. The verdict of the jury, under the circumstances, is proper, and its members would have fallen short of their oaths if they had made any other return.

WINTER IN SUMMER.

PROFESSOR WILLIS L. MOORE, chief of the United States weather bureau, having grown tired of predicting cold waves that very often failed to arrive on schedule time, has invented a machine that makes cold weather while you wait. If the device is all that is claimed for it, it should prove a blessing beyond price in every home which must be occupied during the hot summer months. Simply stated, Professor Moore's invention is a cold stove, for that seems the best definition to apply to it.

The hot blast stove has long been in use as a temperer of the wind to the shorn lamb, but the cold blast arrangement is entirely new. By using it the household can have his dwelling at a temperature of from 40 to 75 degrees, no matter if the mercury in the thermometer outside is trying to climb through the top of the tube. It is said to be as inexpensive as keeping an ordinary coal stove in operation. That is to say, coolness can be produced on the hottest days for as little money as warmth can be produced on the coldest days.

In addition to residence purposes, the uses to which the cooler can be put in hospitals and for cold storage are practically limitless, and the invention not only reduces the temperature of the air, but washes, cleanses and renders it dry and healthful. Hot air filled with dust is taken into the machine at a temperature of 100 degrees and sent out almost instantly at a temperature of 20 degrees, with its relative humidity lessened by more than half. The machine is automatic, requires no motive power, and is self-adjusting.

In very hot weather it works faster than when the weather is moderately warm, and it ceases work altogether when the temperature is low. The appliance is charged with a substance which Professor Moore declines to disclose. This substance is placed in the machine in the morning, just as a furnace or a base-burner is filled, and for twenty-four hours it requires no other attention. During the entire day the room or the dwelling in which it is placed is kept thoroughly cool.

A published description of the invention says:

"Professor Moore says that as soon as the foreign patents are granted he will make public the formula of the composition with which the machine is charged. He said, however, that the composition contained no ammonia, nor any of the usual ingredients of ordinary freezing mixtures. The reporter looked into a sliding door of the cylinder and saw a lot of little wheels, pipes and slowly turning machinery, which, Professor Moore explained, all depended upon the principle of gravity for motion. The top of the brass cylinder was perfectly dry, while the bottom was coated with frost and ice, the temperature of the air being graduated through the various compartments of the cylinder, from about 90 degrees, when it entered through a pipe at the

top, until it was discharged at 30 degrees. An anemometer placed at the discharge pipe showed that the machine was giving off 200 cubic feet of air a minute, or 12,000 feet in an hour. The room in which the machine was in operation contained 4,000 cubic feet of air, and although the doors were being opened and closed every few minutes, the temperature remained below 60 degrees, and the room was much too cold for comfort."

WHY ENGLAND WOULD LOSE.

WHILE ALL CITIZENS of the United States will join in hoping that this country will never engage in another war with England, it is comforting to know that the American nation could win the victory without firing a gun. It seems the height of absurdity to say that England could be whipped into submission with no cannon shots by way of emphasis, but it is literally true. The most powerful of all agencies, starvation, would be America's ally, and England could not withstand the invasion of the gaunt specter.

Writing in the North American Review for June, J. D. Whelpley shows that the United States absolutely controls the food supply of the United Kingdom. Once stop the exports of grain and flour and meat from this country and England would starve to death. The figures presented by Mr. Whelpley are not guesswork. They were furnished by Frank H. Hitchcock, chief of the bureau of foreign markets in the department of agriculture, and they may be relied upon as being absolutely accurate.

Of all the flour imported into the United Kingdom, this country furnishes 83 per cent. It supplies 85 per cent of the oatmeal, 71 per cent of the live cattle, 70 per cent of the fresh beef, 96 per cent of the salt beef, 89 per cent of the bacon and hams, 93 per cent of the lard and 52 per cent of the salt pork. Mr. Whelpley points out that in the event of war with the United States, England could not turn to any other country for help. Starvation would confront her as surely as the American ports were closed.

Says Mr. Whelpley: "All western Europe is an importer of food stuffs. The surplus of Russia is now exhausted before it reaches the United Kingdom; and, should the European supply be decreased by interference with the commerce of the United States, there would be a dangerous deficiency in the supply of nearly every large country in the old world. The necessity of providing for the people of the European continent would not only send prices up, but would prevent England from securing even the small amount she now gets from that direction."

After detailing the disruption of industrial conditions which would occur in England as a result of war with the United States, Mr. Whelpley adds: "Treaties and alliances can be set aside, but the people of all nations must eat to live. By virtue of her great agricultural possibilities, realized upon through the industry and enterprise of her people, the United States is the food purveyor for the world. In this simple fact lies greater strategic strength than in formidable armies and navies."

In this fact, too, lies the greatest hope for universal peace. May the conditions never be changed.

To the thousands who have chuckled over Gustave Dirks' imitable hog pictures, the news of the young artist's death will cause sincere and lasting regret. Dirks committed suicide in New York last week. He had been in bad health for some time, and despondency over this fact is believed to have influenced him to take his own life. Those of us who have smiled at his wonderful Mr. Bug and at Mr. Bug with his small chariot, will find it hard to believe that a man who made so much sunshine should live with his own sky overcast. Nine out of ten who drew any mental outline of Dirks pictured him as a fat, jolly fellow, always cracking jokes and with an inexhaustible fund of humor. Sadness, most of us would think, could have no place in the being of Gus Dirks. Instead, he was just a sick boy who, for a year or more, had never known a moment's freedom from suffering.

General Leonard Wood says he has done nothing in the line of Cuban expenditures which he desires to hide. Everybody who knows anything about the general's record will believe he speaks the truth. He made a good soldier and a good governor, and he is entitled to the esteem and confidence of all the people.

Representative Graham's plan for dealing with anarchists is stated with too much detail. He starts out with the suggestion that they all be banished to hell, and then gives reasons therefor. The latter are entirely unnecessary, and The Herald would move to strike out all after the word "hell."

June 19 has been selected as the date, and Lagoon as the place for the Democratic reception in honor of Senator Rawlins. Every member of the party who can possibly be there, as well as citizens generally, should make it a point to be present. Senator Rawlins is entitled to the honor.

The convicts who escaped from the Oregon penitentiary seem to have made good their flight, in spite of all the efforts to surround and capture them. The fact doesn't carry a very high recommendation of Oregon peace officers as criminal chasers.

It will be a long time before Colonel Mazzouma Lippman is able to re-establish the entente cordiale that once existed between him and the wheelmen. We probably won't be able to handle them until the next election comes around.

Major Waller says hell is a winter resort compared to Samar. In order to make himself perfectly clear, the major should have explained whether he meant his description to apply before or after he did his work in Samar.

Some people will be surprised at the census report on farming in Nevada. Nevada has long been looked upon as the state of sagebrush and jack rabbits, but its farms produced crops worth more than \$5,000,000 in 1900.

COME STARTLING RECENT NEWS. BY THE RURAL EDITOR.

IT just makes us sick to think of our fellow townsman, George A. Snr., going to Chicago and letting the sharpers there bungle him out of his wad of good coin. Had we known George had all the money he is claimed to have lost, we would never have let him leave town without a guardian. What sort of public spirit has a man



This shos gorge a snow in Noo York throoing awa his mune I put forke wiskers on him because he iz a rube he is being toucht.

got that will leave people in his own shoes just suffering for coin and fairly throw it in the face of rank outsiders. George, George, we thought you was a believer in home industry, but it seems we were mistaken. Long may you live to regret your rash act. Dick Dreyfus says it's a shame, and we heartily agree with him.

Numbers of our citizens have met with grave misfortunes to themselves recently. Our honored fellow townsman, Mr. Tom Black, the well known harness man, went out to milk his cow the other morning, but when he saw her he changed his mind. She was cold in death, and considerably swollen. Mr. Black says he don't know what ailed her. She was an excellent cow, too. On the heels of his misfortune comes



This iz the kow what swelt up an dide iz mournin sew i put the son over their, how due you lik the Man's horryfied look.

one of similar character to Mr. George Wood, our esteemed county auditor. Mr. Wood had a cow that had just come in. She was so gentle that a child could milk her. In fact, Mr. Wood milked her twice every day, and says she gave about four quarts at a milking. The other night she didn't respond to his call, and when he made a search, lo and behold, she was gone. George had put an advertisement in the only paper, and hopes the loss will be found. She has large blue eyes and a stumpy tail, which is somewhat annoying in fly time.

There was quite a wind in town Friday. All of our mining stocks are quite low this week. We have been thinking of sending cast for a steam derrick.

While passing one of our well known rum shops yesterday, we saw a young friend of ours going in to get a drink. We are naming no names, but the boys will have to be careful. A word to the wise is sufficient.

E. W. Wilson paid us a pleasant call last week. He wanted to know whether we thought it would be possible to beat Reed Smoot for the senate. We told him we'd certainly try. Come again sometime. E. W., and bring a cigar or an egg with you.

Senator Joe Rawlins is back from Washington, where he has been for quite a spell. He is looking fine, and says he got about four quarts at a milking. The other night she didn't respond to his call, and when he made a search, lo and behold, she was gone. George had put an advertisement in the only paper, and hopes the loss will be found. She has large blue eyes and a stumpy tail, which is somewhat annoying in fly time.



Mr. Spencer as a jollie musketeer bottel has got musketeer juss inn itt them long dangs is laze.

and every performer did his or her part very good. We nearly did laughing at John Spencer. He certainly is cute. That fellow an odd make \$8 in \$10 a week on the stage. Try it on, Spence.

Dave Dunbar is home again, after a month or so traveling in the states. Dave says his trip was all right, only he couldn't sleep much on account of the noise. Dave says lots of people say up as late as 11 and 12 o'clock at night in those big towns. For our part, we don't see how they can stand such a pace, and neither does Dave.

We heard a lovely song the other night as we were going home. On inquiry we learned that the piece is called "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away." It will doubtless become quite popular.

Many of our school teachers are going away for their summer vacations. Several have already departed from the place where we board. You'd ought to spend your money at home, girls.

A number of our citizens have asked us why we do not raise the street car company. They claim the service is rotten. The reason we haven't said anything is because we hate to jump on

a cripple. Our chivalrous nature has frequently saved lots of people from getting their just deserts.

LOST—Between early spring and some time later, a fine congressional boom. Finder will please return to Dan Harrington, care the rural editor, and pay for this ad. e. o. d. tr.

Our friend, Johnny Axton, one of the best boys in town, has turned preacher. We always did say John had something in him.

"Lots of our young people of both sexes have been getting married this month. We wish them all kinds of success through their journey o'er life's bounding sea."

Oren H. Hewlett is running for the state senate. He says he is going to get there if he has to give away twelve packages of chewing gum. Orse always was of an extravagant disposition.

Joe Lippman has taken the oath of office as district attorney for the United States. We are sorry to say Joe will take nothing unless you happen to be sitting on it. He informs us that the job is the fattest cinch he ever dreamed of. He never has anything to do, and there's a man to help him all the time. Joe is a great admirer of Tom Kearns, which is but natural. We like Tom.

Mr. Lippman urging his celery from the gouvment he haz got hiz feat on the ruz desk I think itt iz a goods pitcher of tom.

too, but he hasn't shoved any cinches our way.

Councilman Frank Hewlett has returned from a six weeks' trip to Europe. His friends are trying to get him to lecture in the tabernacle about his experiences. We hope they will be successful. Frank's talk would be highly entertaining and educational.

During the fire in the Vienna restaurant the other night, there was great anxiety lest the raging flames should communicate with Mayor Thompson's new business block and opera house. Fortunately, however, the firemen, by devoted work, saved the structure, which, at one time, was apparently doomed. The loss would have indeed been incalculable.

We don't belong to the Alta Club, but we can easily believe it is the coolest place in town these hot days. One of



This iz hi life at thes alta klub, the Man iz skrachin his hed he iz mad, the thin man iz rakin in all the chippis.

our warm friends was froze out there last week. He'd ought to have called for a neck.

STOCKTON'S "LIMERICK."

(Philadelphia Times.)

The late Frank R. Stockton never permitted himself to forget in his days of success and fame the hard work and routine drudgery that had been his when he was engaged in daily journalism in Philadelphia. On one occasion he was with a group of other writers who fell to discussing their ambitions and to what extent they had been realized. Each member of the group expressed his own more or less dissatisfied with his lot until Stockton alone had not spoken. With a quaint admixture of modesty and fervor, he declared he was perfectly satisfied that the rewards of literature he was then enjoying were sufficient for a man who had drudged some of the best years of his life away in newspaper making, which he said he never had liked, and always regarded simply as a means to an end. Then he recited the following "limerick" as indicative of his sentiments: "There was an old monk of Siberia, Whose life grew drearier and drearier, 'Till he broke from his cell With a hell of a yell, And eloped with the Mother Superior!" A few days later, when out with Mrs. Stockton, an acquaintance who heard of the "limerick" stopped them to say:

"I never knew until yesterday that your marriage was a runaway affair."

FORT HALL RESERVATION.

To The Salt Lake Herald:

Kindly answer the following through the columns of The Herald:

1. Are all of the lands comprised in the Fort Hall Indian reservation to be auctioned off, or just those within the five-mile limit of Pocatello?
2. What is the minimum number of days in a year a settler must live on land taken under the homestead laws?

Altman, Colo., June 5, 1902.

1. We will repeat all the Fort Hall deeds. On May 25 improvements on twenty-three lots of land on the reservation were offered for sale. There were bids on only ten lots, which were sold. The remainder of the improvements will go to the purchaser of the land on which they are situated, at the appraised valuation.

On June 17, which is Tuesday next, the agricultural and grazing lands in the cedee portion, except lands within five miles of Pocatello, will be open to entry under the homestead, townsite, stone and timber and mining laws of the United States. "On July 1 the lands within five miles of Pocatello will be offered for sale at public auction."

2. A settler must be able to show on proving up that he has been living upon his homestead entry more days in a year than he has been absent from his entry. For example, if it is shown by the proof that a settler has temporarily left his entry to earn a living for his family during the winter or to earn money to perfect improvements upon his land, his absence will not be counted as an abandonment. If he has been on the land for more than six months in a year his entry is not subject to contest.

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK

(By Herbert Brewster.)

OF George Douglas (Brown), author of "The House With the Green Shutters," it is literally true that he not only awoke one morning to find himself famous, but he also came suddenly to have his desk piled high with letters from all kinds of people in all parts of the English-speaking world. It is said that women especially write long screeds to him about what he must have been thinking when he wrote his first book; ministers of the gospel have remonstrated with him for the pessimism in his view of Scotch life, and men in various occupations have praised or blamed him for his work. It may be little satisfaction to these unsolicited correspondents to learn that Mr. Brown pays little attention to their letters. The particular indifference of the author is given to newspapers requests for information about himself. He prefers to be let alone. It happened, however, that the editor of "The Scotsman," the official publication of the Scotch Established church, was an old friend of the author, and when the editor insisted upon a sketch of the author's life, the following reply was given:

"You ask for some details of my life. This is a clean sheet, sir; I have not only no past, I am clothed with mine own innocence as with garments of exceeding brightness."

"I was born on the 26th of January, 1852. I have only the vaguest recollection of that happy morn. But tradition hath it that I gave a particularly vigorous squawk when I first set eyes upon the beautiful world."

"I was a chorister, and thereby hangs a tale. Returning to my native village after a long absence, I was met by an aged crone, who remembered, when

"Trailing clouds of glory did I come From my celestial home," said the engaging familiarity of the Scots peasant; "can this be George?" I grinned an assent with my actual incoherence. "Eh, me," she said, in sad reminiscence; "eh, me, you were a braw wee boy, but Gude kens you're anything but that now."

"That's the only gag that has been worked off at my personal appearance. I happened to meet Froude, the historian, once in the house of an Oxford Don. 'It's astonishing,' he said to me, 'it's astonishing, you're the living image of my dear friend, the late John Conington.'"

"I said I was glad to hear I was so like the great authority on Virgil. For a moment the old man's thoughts seemed busy with the sacred past. 'Conington,' he said, 'dreadfully, was the ugliest man I ever clapped an eye on.' And was a pious child, I remember being bribed with a shilling to read Baxter's 'Saint's Everlasting Rest.' I often wished the book in everlasting rest with its author, but I won the shilling."

"The first thing I ever read on my own account, however, was 'Death and Dr. Hornbrook,' spelling it out by the light of a great kitchen fire. I blundered at the word 'scyth,' pronouncing it 'skyth,' and wondering what on earth it was. 'Ca' 't heuk and gang on,' said a grinning plowman. As to reading in general—I can read anything I ever came across except algebra. Elements of Logic and the speeches of the late Mr. Gladstone. For the rest, he says 'pome, tome or rone' as a friend of mine calls poetry, history and romance; they are in general acceptable to me. As Charles Lamb says, 'Bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcludable.'"

"What other details can I give you? In my green, unknowing youth I had already injured my eyesight for examining too closely with a lighted match the properties of gunpowder. It went off and I went off. I was rather suddenly. How long I plummeted on the summit of explosive flame like a berry bestuck with pins at the end of a pipe stem, when a boy blows through the bowl, I can scarce remember. It seemed to me that I was projected a considerable distance into the empyrean. What I do remember with most painful and painful accuracy is that I came down with a tremendous bump on one end of my body and very little skin on the other. The powder had been stolen, and good folks said it was a judgment. I suffered for weeks, forever in memory of that scorching hour."

"I was nearly 15 before I was sent to Ayre academy—to which I owe everything I am. That may be much of course; I may be a hardy deb, as the Irishman said to Sir Pompos Bitherby, the M. P. You know the story? 'Yes, gentlemen,' said the orator, with a falter in his voice, 'I am I owe to my wife.' 'Poor old woman,' said Pat from the gallery. 'That's one bad debt on her book.'"

"From Ayre academy I went to Glasgow university, from Glasgow to Oxford, from Oxford to London. And that's about all I can tell you."

It chanced to be the writer's good fortune to be in Indianapolis a few days ago during the gathering of the Indiana authors for the benefit of the Harrison monument fund. There were collected in that one city during the two days of the excess more well known writers than are to be gotten together easily in any place, and the particular pride of the inhabitants of the state was that every one of these famous people had been born in Indiana. The range of their activities also extended over a longer period of time than that of any similar gathering, for among those present were writers from General Lew Wallace, 75 years old, to young men scarcely thirty—an almost unbroken period of fifty years of literary service. It was General Wallace, who took occasion to express regret over the absence of two of Indiana's favorite sons, Edward Eggleston and Maurice Thompson; the former, her first novelist, of not the people will tire of him. His greatest fear is that they will come to think a little less of him than they do now. As a matter of fact, it is only necessary for Mr. Riley to appear before them to witness a sight in the way of demonstration of approval and affection that is rarely equaled. On this recent occasion Mr. Riley had agreed to appear on Friday evening. His nervousness during the day was pathetic to witness, and when it was urged upon him to appear also on Saturday evening, he replied: "I'm afraid to do it. Wait until I see how the thing goes tonight, and if the people seem to like what I read, perhaps I will go on again Saturday evening."

The same fear of failure before their own people seemed to be present with most of the others who were to read stories, during the entire evening which he trembled like a leaf. He made three attempts to read a handkerchief up to his face, with very slight success almost so he pushed upon the stage when it came his turn to go on, and, during the day previous to his appearance, Wallace alone seemed to remain a most decided success, and was greeted with round after round of applause.

With the purpose of the book in mind, Clara Morris hit upon a most applicable title in "A Past Board Crown." It seems curious that these stage advisers should be so successful in the profession. Clara Morris' study of the profession of clerks, and a series of the introduction to the English edition of that book, Mary Anderson takes occasion to remark upon the danger of which follow years of service on the stage. There are two passages in "A Past Board Crown" which characterize the entire story.

"I will place the crown upon your head," said the actor-manager, only promise not to reproach me when you find out for yourself that it is only pasteboard."

And, at the end of the story, when the heroine cries out:

"You told me that the crown was pasteboard, but you did not tell me that it was lined with diamonds."

COMING EVENTS.

To The Salt Lake Herald:

As proof that "coming events cast their shadows before" and call attention to the fact that two new abstract companies have recently started a large recorder's office to work at the county set of abstract records, a complete county. One, I am informed, is made up of local parties, the other of parties from California. The cost of obtaining a set of abstract records is a large sum of money. The parties referred to have, however, carefully reduced the cost and doubt the professional returns upon their investments. The present abstract companies are more than able to meet all present requirements. The new companies are, no doubt, banking upon greatly increased business in the near future to warrant them in entering into competition with the present companies. The real estate in largely unimproved condition, as all recent advances in values are fully warranted by the vast sum expended in modes, up-to-date improvements and large increase in population. At the present time the market is not very active, owing to the fact that most of our capitalists have already invested large amounts in largely unimproved properties, which requires a further expenditure of large amounts to improve and make them paying investments. The present demand is largely from parties desiring to purchase homes or building lots. The increased demand will come from an influx of new capital, which will recognize the unequalled opportunities presented by Salt Lake City for profitable investments of money. Mr. Harriman, the head of the U. S. S. P. and O. S. L. railroad companies, no doubt has good reasons for his prediction that Salt Lake City would have a population of 200,000 within ten years.

ELI R. KELSEY.